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KENSAL-GREEN CEMETERY.

Original Communications.

KENSAL-GREEN CEMETERY.

Is the future surveys of London the Cemetery at Kensal green must hold a distinguished place, not only for itself but for its numerous progeny. This was the first establishment of the kind, of any magnitude, in or near the capital of the British

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empire. Year after year funerals had continued to be performed in the churchyards, though it had been well ascertained that to inter one body it was necessary to eject another. To the evil those under whose observation it was necessarily brought continued resolutely to shut their eyes. One reverend gentleman, who had seen many thousands placed in a deplorable nook attached to his church, closely

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surrounded by houses, is reported to have said that he did not know why five hundred bodies could not continue, as heretofore, to be put there annually; nor could he foresee that the time for discontinuing this would arrive during his incumbency. That a mass of putrefaction might be heaped together, most fatal to the health of the living, he did not consider among things possible; if it were, he had not learned to regard it as a serious affair.

We need not here dwell on the sickening and revolting scenes which some of the churchyards of London have lately presented. The grievance, it is well known, is not a new one; and many people have supposed, that because it has been long endured, it must last for ever. Sixty or seventy years ago Bunhill fields was so full that it was attempted to silence the complaints then heard, by heaping new mould on the surface of the ground. But generally, to render it practicable to bury over the former graves, at a sufficient depth, was obviously impossible. This state of things has existed for centuries. The grave scene in *Hamlet* shows what Shakspere regarded as churchyard practice in his time. In our days the scenes which have come to light, if not so ludicrous, are infinitely more offensive.

In the cut given at the head of these remarks, we submit a glyphographic drawing of the chapel of the Cemetery at Kensal green, and its extensive catacombs. The approach to it is by a noble road, which, even since the artist made his sketch, has been largely peopled on either side, a proof that the public mind, once little favourable to other than churchyard graves, is now rapidly turning in favour of cemetery funerals. Philosophers may say it matters not where the remains of the departed are thrown, but many feel differently; many are disposed to exclaim in regard to thoughts of the grave—

"Say not they are beneath my care,
I cannot such cold truths allow;
True, they may not disturb me there,
But, oh! they vex and fret me now."

Those who have to mourn the loss of beloved friends and relatives find it a solemn luxury to be able to visit their last dwellings where the voice of the ballad-singer, the thunder of the omnibus, and all the tumult of a great city, cannot approach. Writers of no ordinary powers have viewed the subject as one of importance, as will be seen from the beautiful 'Songs of the Tomb' which follow.

ON PLANTING FLOWERS IN CEMETERIES.

(From the French of *De Lille*.)

Since in the tomb our cares, our woes,
In dark oblivion buried lie,
Why paint that scene of calm repose,
In figures painful to the eye?

The wiser Greeks, with chaste design,
Portrayed a nymph in airy flight,
Who hovering o'er the marble shrine,
Reversed a flambeau's trembling light.

To die!—what is in death to fear?
'Twill decompose my lifeless frame!
A power unseen still watches near
To light it with a purer flame.

The love that in my bosom glows
Will live when I shall long be dead,
And haply tinge some budding rose
That blushes o'er my grassy bed.

Ah, thou who hast so long been dear,
When I shall cease to smile on thee,
I know that thou wilt linger near
In thoughtful mood to sigh for me.

And when the rosebud's virgin breath,

With fragrance fills the morning air,

Imagine me released from death,

And all my soul reviving there!

DIRGE.

Where shall we make her grave?
Oh! where the wild-flowers wave

In the free air!

Where shower and singing bird
Midst the young leaves are heard—

There—lay her there!

Harsh was the world to her,
Now may sleep minister

Balm for each ill:

Low on sweet nature's breast,
Let the meek heart find rest,

Deep, deep, and still!

Murmur, glad waters by!

Faint gales, with happy sigh,
Come wandering o'er

That green and mossy bed,

Where on a gentle head

Storms beat no more!

What though for her in vain
Falls now the bright spring rain

Plays the soft wind;

Yet still from where she lies
Should blessed breathings rise

Gracious and kind.

Therefore let song and dew,
Thence in the heart renew,

Life's vernal glow:

And, o'er that holy earth

Scents of the violet's birth

Still come and go!

Oh! then where the wild flowers wave,
Make ye her mossy grave

In the free air!

Where shower and singing bird
Midst the young leaves are heard—

There, lay her there!

—Mrs Hemans.

Supply of Water to London.—The quantity of water supplied to the metropolis by all the water companies on both sides the river may be estimated at 38,000,000 gallons daily; and one orifice from a single Artesian well, with a diameter of six feet, would yield more than sufficient to meet this demand.

THE DESPOT ; OR, IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

THE often-quoted remark of Gibbon, that "mankind seem generally more attached to their destroyers than their benefactors," applies in a remarkable degree to the astonishing monster who presided over the destinies of Russia in the middle of the sixteenth century—Ivan the Terrible. Though he was one of the most extraordinary monarchs that ever sat on a throne, his story is comparatively little known in England. Some passages of his life will interest most readers. In his infancy he lost his father (1534); and his mother, said to have been a gentle, intelligent being, died when he was but seven years of age. During his nonage, the government of Russia was carried on by a council of Boyards, whose intrigues caused many disorders in the state, and it was in imminent danger from its Tartarian and Lithuanian enemies. His education was much neglected. It was the object of those about him to keep him in a great measure ignorant of public affairs. His faculties were good, and he soon perceived that he was intended to be the slave of a domineering oligarchy. He was not slow in learning to hate all who aimed at securing to themselves a participation in the sovereign power. Hence the first resolution his opening mind formed, was to make himself an absolute despot. Cruel from infancy, he loved to torture and destroy domestic animals. To shed blood was for him a recreation, and he considered it delightful pastime to ride over women and old men. These wretched propensities were encouraged by those who, faithful to duty, would have laboured incessantly to repress them. Prince Shuisky, the president of the council, was one of those who acted this unworthy part, and he was the first victim of the tyrant he had laboured to form. Shuisky became the object of general execration; and Ivan, when but thirteen years of age, pronounced his doom. By his contrivance, at a signal given, the unhappy prince was dragged from his house into the public streets, and there ferocious dogs were set upon the miserable man, who almost tore him limb from limb, and were not permitted to desist till they had worried him to death. This cruel deed was applauded by a rude and savage people, and Ivan became an object of popular regard. In 1546 he was crowned Czar of all the Russians, and that title was thenceforth adopted by Russian sovereigns.

Married to the amiable Anastasia, her gentleness for a time tempered and appeared to have subdued the cruelty of his disposition. Acts of generosity endeared him to his subjects, and the victories which he gained over assailing enemies caused him to be regarded with general admiration.

In evil hour, Ivan had recourse to an aged bishop, who in the time of his predecessor had been banished for his crimes. By him he was advised to be his own minister, as those who held high offices of state never failed to aim at ruling their sovereign. Athanasia died in 1560, and from that period his brutal nature spurned control, and trampled on all that humanity should have taught him to revere. His most prudent counsellors were exiled, and many of their friends were put to death. He stabbed with his own hand a prince who had offended one of his favourites, and another was poniarded in the church because he refused to sanction those sins against decorum which had now become "the mode at court."

The fate of these unfortunate men induced Prince Kurbksy, who had been greatly distinguished both in the cabinet and in the field, to fly from the dreaded Czar. He passed into Lithuania, and was well received by the enemy of Ivan, Sigismund, King of Poland; and finding himself in safety, he addressed a reproachful letter to the Czar, in which, using Scriptural language, he complained that he had shed the blood of the elders of Israel, even in the temple of the Most High, and charged him with many other crimes. It solemnly reminded him that there was a tribunal before which he must one day appear to meet the accusing spirits of those whom he had murdered; and complained of the black ingratitude with which the services of the writer had been requited, who declared the Czar should see his face no more.

When the messenger of Kurbksy appeared before Ivan, he struck the man with an iron rod which he generally carried. The blow caused blood to flow; then leaning on his rod, the Czar serenely proceeded to read the letter. It would appear that the autocrat thought highly of the progress he had made in literature, and the answer which he gave to the letter, written with his own hand, was not a little remarkable. It commenced thus:—

"In the name of the all-powerful God, the Master of our being and actions, by whom kings reign, the mighty speak, and the humble and Christian-like answer, to the Russian ex-Boyard, our counsellor, and waywode Prince Andrew Kurbksy.

"Why, thou wretch, dost thou destroy thy traitor soul in saving by flight thy worthless body? If thou art truly just and virtuous, why not cle by thy master's hand, and thereby obtain the martyr's crown? What is life—what are worldly riches and honours?—vanity! a shadow! Happy is he to whom death brings salvation!"

Having given an answer to some of the

accusations preferred by the prince, the Czar proceeded:—

"What thou sayest of my pretended cruelties is an impudent lie. I do not destroy the elders of Israel, nor do I stain with their blood the temple of the Lord. The peaceful and the righteous live securely in my service. I am severe against traitors only, but who ever spared them? Did not Constantine the Great sacrifice his own son? I am not a child. I have need indeed of God's grace, and of the protection of the Holy Virgin and all the saints, but I want no advice from men. Glory to the Most High! Russia prospers; my Boyards live in peace and concord; it is only your friends, your counsellors, that invent mischief in darkness. Thou threatening me with the judgment of Christ in the other world. Dost thou then believe that the Divine power does not also regulate things here below? Manichean heresy! According to you, God reigns in heaven, Satan in hell, and men on earth. All error! falsehood! The power of God is everywhere, both in this life and in the next. Thou tellest me that I shall never again see thy Ethiop face; heavens, what a misfortune! Thou surroudest the throne of the Highest with those whom I have put to death; a new heresy! 'No one,' saith the apostle, 'can see God.' But I am silent, for Solomon forbids us to waste words on fools like thee."

This farrago of coarse abuse, grave expostulation, religious admonition, scriptural reference, and mirthful irony, appeared to him a very sublime performance, though most probably it was laughed to scorn by the prince to whom it was addressed. It seems to have been his constant habit to associate religion with the insolent mockery which, from time to time, he was pleased to hurl at those who offended him. Of that an instance is afforded in a letter to the King of Sweden, in consequence of some notice having been taken by the latter of a rumour (circulated on its being falsely reported that he was dead), and which represented Ivan as having designs on his widow. He then wrote:—

"We chastise both thee and Sweden (he had obtained some successes in war). The righteous are sure to prosper. Deceived by the false report indeed of Catherine being a widow, I wished to gain possession of her, but with no other design than that of delivering her to the King of Poland her brother, and obtaining in exchange the provinces of Livonia without bloodshed. Whatever any of you may calumniously say, such is the truth. What care I for thy wife? Is she worth the undertaking of a war? Many daughters of Polish kings have married grooms and varlets. Ask well-informed people

who Svoitilo was in the time of Jagellon? Dost thou think I care more for King Eric? Tell me whose son was thy father? What was thy grandfather's name? If I am wrong in believing, at this very day, that thou art sprung from some low fellow or other, send me thy genealogy to convince me of my error."

Kurbsky caused a powerful army of Poles to move against Russia, and the Khan of Tartary also invaded the southern provinces. The most frightful misgivings now took possession of the bosom of the Czar.

"Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind," and he distrusted every one. His courtiers he believed were in the interest of Kurbsky, and on mere suspicion he caused many to be executed. In his judgment, however, too little blood had been shed, and having represented that it was impossible to carry on the government for the benefit of the people without greater severity, which he pretended he was reluctant to exercise, he caused it to be rumoured that he was on the point of leaving Moscow to go no man knew whither. One morning in the month of December, the great square of the Kremlin was seen covered with sledges, some of which were filled with gold, silver, splendid clothes, sacred reliques, and other valuables. He proceeded to the church of the Assumption to celebrate mass. Ivan then prayed with great fervour, and received the blessing of the Metropolitan, Athanasius. He held out his hand to be kissed by the nobles, and entering his sledge, left Moscow for Alexandrovsky, being escorted by a regiment of horse.

The people were in great consternation at what they saw. A month passed; nothing had been heard of the Czar, and they now began to lament that they were "sheep who had lost their shepherd," when letters were received from Ivan. Of those, one was addressed to the Metropolitan, in which he complained that, in his attempts to preserve tranquillity by punishing the guilty, he had been continually thwarted by the clergy. He had, therefore, resolved to wander whithersoever Heaven might lead him. Another letter, addressed to the inhabitants, declared that of *them* he had no reason to complain; but, under the circumstances, he could do no other than bid them farewell for ever.

The Russians were greatly afflicted and indeed alarmed at this solemn announcement. Strange as this may seem, their grief was not irrational. Experience had already taught them that one tyrant was better than many. To the humbler classes Ivan had sometimes been kind. It was on their superiors that his iron hand descended to annihilate. At the sad announcement that he would not return, Moscow went

into mourning. The shops were closed, the tribunals of justice suspended their proceedings, and all business was at a stand. Loud and general was the lament. From every disconsolate Muscovite was heard the melancholy exclamation, "The Czar has forsaken us—we are undone. Who will fight our battles? Who will now defend us against a vengeful enemy?"

The minds of the populace inflamed by their fears, they tumultuously demanded that the Metropolitan should endeavour to prevail upon Ivan to abandon his design. Their cry was, "Let the Czar punish all who deserve it. He ought of right to have the power of life and death without limit or control. We cannot remain without a sovereign, and we will acknowledge none but Ivan, whom God has set over us."

The cry was too loud and too general to be long withheld, and a numerous deputation of prelates and nobles waited on the Czar at Alexandrovsky to solicit his return. With much apparent unwillingness he yielded to their prayer, it being clearly understood that he was to punish all who offended him as he pleased. He had the hypocrisy to declare that his arm was necessary to support the church, and the bishops admitting this, added, that his resumption of the government was necessary to save his people from everlasting perdition.

King Stork soon retraced his steps to Moscow. He was much changed in appearance. His head was bald, his beard had been shaved, his eye was dim, and his whole aspect that of a man who had suffered much from the fiery emotions of which he was the victim. He was received with great rejoicings, and lost no time in making it understood how essential he deemed it to the well-being of the country that the Czar should have the means of punishing with appropriate rigour the Boyards and all disturbers of the public peace. He called for the formation of a new body-guard, to consist of a thousand men, connected with families of some importance. This was conceded; and then was formed that military corps known as the Opritschnina, or Select Legion. Subsequently they were called the Strelitzes. Possessed of this mighty engine, Ivan did not fail to use it against those he deemed his enemies. The tyrant felt himself secure; deeds of blood soon followed, and the gates of mercy were closed against all who became objects of his displeasure. Another Prince Shuisky he regarded as disaffected. His own conduct, which he knew might justify defection, prompted the cruel rigour with which Shuisky was to be pursued. His family had been distinguished for loyalty, but the merciless Ivan condemned the unfortunate prince. Nor was it enough to take his life; his

son Peter was included in the sentence. Monstrous as this severity was, it would seem father and son were not unprepared for it. Aware of the ferocious character of the Czar, they probably considered their fate to be sealed from the moment of his reappearance in Moscow. Be this as it may, when the will of Ivan was made known, they opposed to it a calm and dignified aspect. Sustained by the hope that in another state of being they would be more than consoled for their unmerited sufferings here, each wore an air of cheerful resignation while advancing to the fatal scaffold.

(*To be continued.*)

AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.

LETTER VI.

In applying manure to soils, we have the following great objects to serve. In the first place, we have to renew the supply of those metallic salts which the previous crops have largely consumed, to the impoverishing of the soil and the consequent injury of the succeeding harvest.

In our second paper we gave a list of several plants, and pointed out the amount of inorganic matter, principally metallic salts, found in one hundred thousand parts of each. These salts are compounds of lime, potash, soda, magnesia and silica, with sulphuric, carbonic, phosphoric, and other acids.

In looking over the paper already alluded to, our agricultural readers will see that oats, barley, wheat, and rye, or rather the straws of these plants, contain enormous quantities of the inorganic substance called silica; and therefore the land, after the production of successive crops, becomes so much deteriorated as to be unable longer to produce healthy samples of the same kinds. We are taught, therefore, either to alternate our crops, or to replace in the soil by artificial means the substances which have been so largely consumed; this, therefore, is one grand object in the application of manures, as well as a powerful instance of the necessity of some acquaintance with agricultural chemistry. Of course, such arrangements as those of which we now speak would be unnecessary if the crops were allowed to remain upon the spots where they were produced; for in that case the soil would be benefited by the compounds given off during the decomposition of the plants, and the inorganic matter previously taken from the ground would again be restored to it. It is only on cultivated lands, where the crops are removed or eaten, that alternation or manuring are necessary.

There is, however, another mode of renewing the strength of land, to which we must refer, although the rapid progress of chemical science is now fast abolishing

its employment. We refer to *fallowing*, or allowing the soil to lie idle for a length of time.

In order that the renewal of strength by fallowing may be understood, we would refer our readers to our fourth paper, where we pointed out the fact that the constant disintegration of rocks, and the action of atmospheric air and moisture upon the smaller particles, produce new materials for the inorganic portion of the land; and these, being washed and distributed by the rains which follow, are eventually carried into every part of the neighbouring soils, and being allowed to accumulate during the idleness of the land, render it as rich as ever.

The second great object in the application of manures is to supply the soil and the plant with those prime fertilizers, ammonia, carbonic acid, and water. To this end we employ organic manures, of various kinds, some of them merely supplying the chemical agents of which we have just spoken, others again rendering more important service, by giving up, during decomposition, not only organic but also inorganic food in the form of the metallic salts, with which they are impregnated.

In our next paper we shall enter upon the subject of collecting and preserving the various manures.

A HUNDRED AND FIFTY PER CENT.

A GLANCE AT THE LAW OF THE LAND.

In the 'Times' of Nov. 9th a singular statement appeared in the shape of a report of a case tried on the preceding day in the Court of Common Pleas. That facts like those stated should occur in England seems to the uninitiated strange, but that they should have been the subject of a public proceeding in a court of justice, and yet passed over in silence by those journalists who would have it believed that it is their special care to expose abuses and call for needful reforms, is perhaps still more extraordinary.

In this case we are told:—"It appears that the plaintiff is well known in the sporting or play world, and having amassed a considerable sum of money employed it as a bill discounter. The defendant, about two years ago, being in want of money, got introduced to the plaintiff, who agreed to lend him 400*l.* on his bill at two months, charging him 100*l.* (a hundred and fifty per cent. per annum!) for the accommodation. The bill in question, not being honoured on its coming to maturity, was renewed, the expenses of which on renewal amounted to upwards of 1,000*l.* The defendant ultimately paid the bill, with the 100*l.* discount, and it was now con-

tended by him that, having paid the original bill with the exorbitant discount, he was exonerated from the charges of renewal attempted to be charged by the plaintiff. After a luminous charge from the learned judge, the jury, having retired for half an hour, found a verdict for the defendant."

The plaintiff in this case, it may not be improper to mention, is an individual whose house, early in the present year, was entered by the police, information having been laid against it as a gambling house, when his son, attempting to escape, got a fall, which cost him his life.

We make no comments on the feelings of a father seeking consolation for a bereavement so severe. These, perhaps, might naturally incline him to endeavour to make a poorer man pay 1,000*l.* for 400*l.* borrowed, but certainly we unequivocally applaud the finding of the jury for the defendant, however a contrary decision might in this instance have suited to "soothe a father's woe."

We pretend to know nothing of the merits of the individuals concerned beyond the facts mentioned in the newspapers, but are somewhat startled to learn that we live in a state of society in which an individual, after paying 500*l.* for 400*l.* borrowed, and within two years of the loan being obtained, can be sued for 500*l.* in addition to that! How could charges be multiplied, we should like to know, so as to bring the sum claimed to such an amount and in such a shape that a judge and jury can be asked to favour the claim?

The borrower, we suppose, was to blame; but we can conceive no circumstance that ought to entitle the lender to the assistance of twelve honest men to enforce a demand like that mentioned.

We have, however, heard, since writing the above, that the judge actually twice refused to receive the verdict for the defendant, and that the plaintiff has asked for a new trial.

The judge can, of course, only state what is the law, and act accordingly. It is, however, for the jury to decide on the facts, and in the present case those who had to decide on the question with noble resolution performed their duty. Should a new trial be granted, the principles laid down, as well as the facts established, cannot be other than curious. We know a man has escaped unpunished, though proved to have cut off his child's head; we know that a judge has directed a jury to find for a plaintiff where it was known nothing was due to him: it remains to be seen whether an English judge and jury can be found to concur in compelling a poor defendant, under the circumstances described, to pay 1,000*l.* in discharge of a loan of 400*l.*

VALUE OF MORALITY IN FACTORIES.

DR URE, in speaking of a moral and religious discipline in mills, says—

" So efficacious is religious discipline, steadily enforced by an enlightened master, to keep his dependents in the paths of virtue, that it may be laid down as a general rule—whenever mill-workers are noted for dissolute manners, the owner or manager will be found to be of licentious life, or at least indifferent to the welfare of the people committed to his care, who are ready to be influenced for good or evil by his precepts, regulations, and example. The following testimony places this position in a clear light :—' Some masters insist on better conduct, better dress, and more respectability. The overlookers are steady and suppress anything bad. There is a great competition for admission into their factories. I have known thirty young women on the list at a time.' What a tribute to virtue in the proprietor of a mill !

" Like master like man, is a proverb no less applicable to public works than to private families. The mill owner who has a nice sense of purity in heart and life, a just comprehension of his own interests, and a conscientious concern for the well-being of his dependents, will adopt every practicable measure to raise the standard of their behaviour. If, on the other hand, he is lax in his own principles, and careless of their conduct, except as to their punctuality at their task, he will experience the consequences of this unconcern in slovenliness of work and in personal disrespect. Let us figure to ourselves a proprietor of extensive factories, a man of old experience, an unwearied worshipper of Mammon, and, of course, a stranger to the self-denying graces of the Gospel. Such a man knows himself to be entitled to nothing but eye-service, and will therefore exercise the most irksome vigilance, but in vain, to prevent his being overreached by his operatives—the whole of whom, by natural instinct as it were, conspire against such a master. Whatever pains he may take, he can never command superior workmanship, he will find the character of his goods to be second-rate in the market, and he will of course get a second-rate price and set of customers. His whole business is blasted as it were by an evil eye. Aware of his unpopularity with his work-people, he strives to regain their favour by conniving at their vices, and views their intemperance on Saturday night and Sunday with indifference, provided it does not interfere with their labour on Monday morning.

" Such policy may have been compatible with profit in times of narrow competition; but now it seldom fails, as I could prove

by examples, to counteract prosperity at least, if not to impair the fortunes realized under better auspices. It is, therefore, excessively the interest of every mill owner to organize his moral machinery on equally sound principles with his mechanical, for otherwise he will never command the steady hands, watchful eyes, and prompt co-operation, essential to excellence of product. Improvident work-people are apt to be reckless, and dissolute ones to be diseased : thus both are ill-qualified to discharge the delicate labours of automatic industry, which is susceptible of many grades of imperfection without becoming so obviously defective as to render the work liable to a fine. There is, in fact, no case to which the Gospel truth, ' Godliness is great gain,' is more applicable than to the administration of an extensive factory."

FATHERS' TEARS.

SOME feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven ;
And if there be a human tear,
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so gentle and so meek,
It would not shame an angel's cheek ;
'Tis such as pious fathers shed,
Upon a dutious daughter's head.—SCOTT.

The following close parody on the above much-admired verses has lately been privately circulated in relation to a money-loving parent whom the death of his child could not check for a moment in the pursuit of unhallowed gain :—

Some feelings in vile mortals dwell,
With less of earth in them than hell ;
And if there be a human tear,
From generous love remote and clear,
A tear so burning and so base,
It would not shame the Devil's face ;
'Tis such as serpent fathers shed,
Upon a youthful viper dead.

Climate of Greece.—The physical configuration and climate of Greece are extremely peculiar; the country consists of an endless succession of valleys and hills, rising occasionally into lofty mountains covered with all but eternal snow. In some few places the vale lands assume the appearance of plains, as in Thessaly, Boeotia, and Elis. But for the most part the valleys are narrow and deep, consequently much buried in the shade of the overhanging mountains, and naturally enjoying the additional coolness occasioned by woods and streams. But the most remarkable feature in the character of Greece is the different aspect presented by its several cantons, in each of which local causes produced a modification of the general climate, and gave birth to those varieties which were observable in the Hellenic race as long as it endured unmixed.



Arms. Gu. two bars, or, a chief indented, of the last.

Crest. A demi lion, couped, ar., ducally gorged.

Supporters. Two dragons, erm., armed and langued, gu., wings elevated and endorsed.

Motto. "Odi profanum." "I hate the profane."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF LISTOWEL.

From the house of Harcourt, in Lorraine, this family is descended. Its ancestors, Burke mentions, "were counts in Normandy." John Hare, Esq., its more immediate progenitor, resided at Homersfield, in Suffolk, in 1461. He was the son of Thomas Hare, Esq., by Joyce, his wife. His son Nicholas became the father of John Hare, Esq., who married Elizabeth Fortescue, by whom he had two sons. Of these one was Sir Nicholas Hare, of Brusyard, Suffolk, Master of the Rolls to Queen Mary; and the other, John Hare, Esq., who eventually succeeded to the estates of his brother, and established himself at Stow Bar-dolph. He had a large family, of whom Richard, the eldest, was created a Baronet in 1641. John Hare, the youngest, became a bENCHER of the Middle Temple; he married Margaret, daughter of John Crouch, Esq., of Cornbury, Herts, by whom he had a son. This lady was afterwards married to Henry first Earl of Manchester.

Hugh Hare, Esq., the son of the above, was one of those who remained faithful to Charles I. He was created Baron Coleraine, and had issue. From his eldest son the Lords Coleraine are descended. From Hugh, a younger son, spring the Hares of Listowel. He was succeeded by his son Richard Hare, whose son William succeeded him. This gentleman, born in 1751, sat in the Irish Parliament for Cork and Athy from 1796 till the Union. He was raised to the peerage, July 30, 1800, as Baron Ennismore, county of Kerry; and further created Viscount Ennismore and Listowel, January 22, 1816, and Earl of Listowel, January 12, 1822. His lordship married twice. By his first wife, Mary, only daughter of Henry Wrixon, Esq., of Ballygiblin, county of Cork, by whom he had issue, Richard Viscount Ennismore, the eldest son, sat as M.P. for Cork. He married, June 10, 1797, Catherine Bridget, eldest daughter of Robert first Lord Clonbruck, by whom he had seven children, the eldest of whom, the present peer, on the death of his grandfather, July 13, 1837, succeeded to

the title. He was born in 1801, and married, July 29, 1831, Maria, daughter of the late Vice-Admiral William Wyndham, of Fellbridge, widow of George Thomas Wyndham, Esq., of Crome Hall, Norfolk, by whom he has a large family, the eldest of whom, William Viscount Ennismore, was born May 29, 1833. The present peer was appointed Vice-Admiral of the province of Munster in August, 1838. He represents St Alban's in the House of Commons.

A RUN IN THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

LETTER III.

FROM GREENOCK TO INVERARY AND OBAN.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I started from Greenock on a Monday morning in September, for the Highlands, which have ever had for me a thrilling interest. I had long burned with impatience to see them, and to tread the heather rendered immortal by the footsteps of a Bruce and a Scott. The lofty and rugged mountains covered with perpetual mists, the deep and lonely glens, the clear and bubbling streams, the picturesque lochs, the superstitions and legends with which every spot was peopled, the traditions of an enthusiastic people pre-eminently tenacious of their local histories, their picturesque costume, their romantic customs, their wild and independent life, the exploits of their renowned chiefs—were all part of the earliest inheritance of my mind; and in later days my sympathies were doubly awakened by that matchless genius who has thrown into spots naturally of extreme interest, the additional and intenser glow of moral feeling and poetic association. Accordingly I began my journey with feelings the exact reverse of those which animated the breast of the worthy magistrate of Glasgow, of immortal memory, although, like him, I resolved to adhere to the practical wisdom of not expecting to "carry the comforts of the saul market" with me. We started

at nine o'clock from Greenock (which town was that day preserving its reputation in being rained upon most unmercifully), by a boat that carried us to Loch Goyle head, our object being to reach Inverary that day. If you look at the map of Scotland, you will find that the seat of MacCallien More may be visited from Glasgow by either of two ways; you may go the route I returned, by the Kyles of Bute and Loch Fine, at the head of which loch I need not tell you the capital of the Campbells is situated, or take the nearer route by Loch Long, and thence to Loch Goyle, and then across the land to the bank of Loch Fine, opposite Inverary. Such is the cheapness of the voyage, that you go from Greenock to Loch Goyle head for half a crown. I saw nothing, however, of Loch Long, as we were involved in a genuine Scotch mist all the time of passing up it. One advantage of this latter route is that you go through a very fine pass, between the head of Loch Goyle and Loch Fine, and of which you may estimate the wildness from its name, Hell's Glen. This was the first pass I saw, and though, of course, inferior to Glenco, I was extremely struck by it. It has all the characteristics of a Highland pass in eminent perfection, the narrow road through the lofty mountains, which look as if they had been torn asunder by some tremendous convulsion, the winding path, which constantly presents you with varying views, the heather-clad mountains, only tenanted by the well-known black cattle of the north, and doubtless towered over by the eagle and swept by the grouse and the ptarmigan, the "burn" or stream running by the road, bubbling over the straggling rocks, and leaping from "linn" to "linn," as they are called, or pools, which are the favourite resort of the salmon and the trout, the rolling mist that now conceals and now reveals the grey and ragged scalps of the mountains, and adds to their sublimity an awe and grandeur of its own, and then at last the descent into the vale below, in which the neighbouring loch repose,—these, these indeed, the elements of the sublime! We had the casual, but great, pleasure of travelling through this pass with a distinguished member of the legislature, whose urbanity and kindness of manner showed how thoroughly a gentleman is at all times the same, and how little honours, even when self-achieved and amply deserved, throw coldness or distance into his conduct.

Ah, what a place is Inverary! a fairy town! Its white houses shining on the banks of the loch as if they had just been called into existence by the magic touch of some refined enchanter; behind it the woods of the Duke of Argyll, forming a beautiful background; opposite, the far-famed hill of Duniquaich, on which is

the signal tower, whence in times gone by the fiery beacon summoned the Campbell clan to arms, and close to it the noble park, which is full of fine timber, and contains perhaps the finest cedars and pine trees in the world. But this scene, as you may remember, has been sketched by a master-hand:—"Embarred on the bosom of Loch Fine, Captain Dalgetty might have admired one of the grandest scenes which nature affords. He might have noticed the rival rivers, Aray and Shiray, which pay tribute to the lake, each issuing from its own dark and wooded retreat; he might have marked, on the soft and gentle slope that ascends from the shores, the noble old Gothic castle, with its varied outline, embattled walls, towers, and outer and inner courts, which, so far as the picturesque is concerned, presented an aspect much more striking than the present massive and uniform mansion. He might have admired those dark woods which for many a mile surrounded this strong and princely dwelling; and his eye might have dwelt on the picturesque peak of Duniquaich starting abruptly from the lake, and raising its scathed brow into the mists of middle sky, while a solitary watchtower, perched on its top like an eagle's nest, gave dignity to the scene by awaking a sense of possible danger . . . The boat soon approached the rugged pier, which abutted into the loch from the little town of Inverary, then a rude assemblage of huts, with a very few stone mansions interspersed, stretching upwards from the banks of Loch Fine to the principal gate of the castle."—(Concluding passage of the 11th chapter of the "Legend of Montrose.") I was forcibly struck, I own, at Inverary, with the luck of having a grandfather, or a great-grandfather, who was determined that his respected grandson should enjoy what he took so much pains to make. The woods of Inverary are, of course, the result of artificial planting, and I believe the "great Duke" contributed materially to produce their present extent and beauty. If so, he justly demands the gratitude of his descendants for having been "aye planting," as well as the gratitude of his countrymen for his patriotic life. Indeed, nothing can be more striking than the entrance to the woods of Inverary after coming through the bleak glen of Ary from Dalmally, which is at the head of Loch Awe. This glen is above eighteen miles, and connects the two lochs, Fine and Awe. After travelling through some of the wildest scenery of the Highlands, you suddenly enter grounds with the characteristics of an English park, and with the advantage of the adjoining loch superadded. A noble avenue of lime trees runs to the castle gate, and those fragrant and elegant specimens of the beautiful species *arbor* are

plentifully found in the park. As I said before, the cedars and pine trees are truly superb monarchs of the northern forest. The deer abound, and are strictly preserved. The castle is a wretched piece of architecture, and proves that the great Duke, with all his noble patriotism and admirable taste in planting and park-making,

" And though the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field,"

was no judge of a building. Sir Walter is a great deal too limited in his censure when he merely calls it a "massive and uniform mansion." It is half buried in the earth, instead of being placed on an eminence. Its proper site would be on the hill side, among the noble woods, whence MacCallum More might look on his subject loch and surrounding country. The inside we did not see; I believe it contains some interesting portraits of the powerful family who have been lords of Lorn and Argyllshire from generation to generation for 400 years.

The hotel at Inverary is one of the largest and most comfortable in Britain. The landlord is a prince of landlords, and all the arrangements are as complete as if you were in the metropolis itself. You may get that capital soup, hotch-potch (which I am truly astonished we do not introduce into general use in the south), and Loch Fine herrings in pre-eminent perfection. We dined at a very comfortable *table d'hôte*, and slept that night at the hotel, which is a very necessary place at the entrance of the Highlands, and particularly comfortable when you return after a week or a month's *roughing it*.

We started for Oban on Tuesday morning, which opened that glorious weather that for four consecutive weeks so pre-eminently distinguished the autumn of this year, and so wonderfully reigned over the Highlands. Day after day of unclouded blue, with not even a threat of rain, for the month of September, was weather unknown, I believe, in the memory of the oldest man in the north; so that nature was determined we should see her masterpieces in perfection. The coach in which we started has been lately set up by the enterprising and accommodating landlord of the hotel, for the benefit of unhappy tourists like us, who have no coach or horses of our own, and too little superfluity of cash to throw away on the dignity of posting along glens, where the "name of the thing" is of no use. The coach itself was a compound of a pill-box and a waggon, and we paid twelve shillings for an outside place to Oban, a distance of about forty miles. (You know I love statistics, and think half the value of a traveller's account consists in telling you how much it will cost to get along in the places

he is describing so enthusiastically to you.) This price is high enough to ensure safety; but I regret to say that friend K—— made the alarming discovery, when we were going through Glen Ant, that the "tire" of the hind wheel was gradually *retiring* from office, and was about to deposit all the outsiders in the beautiful "burn," when we should have soon ceased to be "tired" with life. Luckily the discovery was made before and not after the catastrophe; but I mention it, because the sooner a really good vehicle is established on that road the better, and the more the trip is known in the south, the more frequently it is sure to be adopted by English tourists. The route commenced by a delightful path through the noble woods of the park of Inverary, and, as you wind along, up the hill that leads from the town, you catch a charming view of the loch, and then, at the distance of a mile, you plunge into the midst of the woods, full of the noblest cedars and pines and larch, and which you traverse for three miles more till you come suddenly on the wild moors of Glen Ary, which, I told you before, is the pass between Loch Fine and Loch Awe. You should then look back on the park you have quitted, and rest your eye on the scene as long as the winding path will allow you, and enjoy the contrast of the richly-wooded domain, and the wild country you are about to enter. You go on mile after mile by the burn, or stream of Ary, with hills of heather stretching away on each side of you, the road forming a sort of *marchdike*, or dividing boundary between the estates of the Duke of Argyll and Mr Campbell, of Monzie. (In pronouncing this word, you drop the z.) There you may depend on it you are in the country for trout-fishing and grouse-shooting. After a journey of a dozen miles you begin your descent into the vale that terminates on the banks of Loch Awe, and are among the wild and inaccessible fastnesses in which the Campbells were of yore secure from any invading foe; according to the well-known expression "It's a farery to Loch Awe." The road terminates at a place called Port Sonachan, where there is a ferry across the loch, and about two miles before you reach that point the Glen Ary ends, and the roads diverge; the one takes you by a superb ride (by which we returned) to Dalmally, the head of Loch Awe, and the other by a gentle descent to the banks of the loch, six or seven miles from its head at the place I before mentioned, Port Sonachan. As you descend the vale, you have before you what you do not quit for many a mile and day when travelling in this country, Ben Cruachan, the glory of Loch Awe, which towers over the neighbouring hills and loch, being 3,400 feet in height and *only* twenty miles in circum-

ference at the base. This mountain is very wild, and is full, I believe, of deer. It has been beautifully brought before us by Christopher North, in his delightful paper on Loch Etive, among his (and the reader's) 'Recreations,' written with the rollicking style in which Kit so loves to indulge. You see before you the beautiful islands at the head of Loch Awe, on one of which are the ruins of a convent, and on another of a castle, formerly the seat of the Argyll family. At Port Sonachan there is a very fine seat on the banks of the loch, belonging to one of the Campbells. Here we all dismounted from the vehicle, and were ferried over, luggage and all, to the opposite shore, at a place called Kilchrenan, and after stopping half an hour we duly remounted, on a similar coach to the one we had quitted, and began to reascend the hills on the western side of the loch. The winding path was very interesting, and brought us in a couple of miles to a "clachan," a word which, though you have frequently seen it in Sir Walter, you may not, perhaps, know the exact signification of, viz., a small collection of cottages or huts. We passed a small loch, with the awful Ben still on our right, and soon afterwards traversed a most splendid pass, of which I am surprised more notice is not taken by tourists and guide books—Glen Ant. The beauty of this pass it is difficult to exaggerate. It is about four miles in length, and resembles the celebrated Trossachs in its richly-wooded hills, which are in truth covered with birch and shrubs. The burn which runs through it into Loch Etive, is extremely picturesque, running over the broken rocks between the wooded hills, where there is just space enough for the road. It was in this pass that, as I told you, we were in danger of a serious accident from the tire of one of the wheels coming off. Three times in the pass we were obliged to stop and use some stones for a hammer, and it was only on our arrival at Taynault that we could get the injury properly repaired. If you look at the map you will see that this place is on the banks of Loch Etive, and the point at which the two roads to Oban from Inverary meet again, after having diverged near the head of Loch Awe. Three or four miles from this village the ride becomes very grand. The road runs beside the shores of Loch Etive, and seldom quits them till you arrive at Oban, near which place the loch runs into the sea. For a due enjoyment of the beauties of the loch, as far at least as description can give it, I refer you to the paper by Christopher I before mentioned. You pass near the ruins of Dunstaffnage Castle, which is situated in the loch, where the ancient Scottish kings were crowned, and where afterwards the great Lord of the Isles

held his almost regal state. Soon after passing that interesting ruin, you arrive in sight of Dunolly Castle, where anciently the powerful family of the MacDouglas of Lorn held sway. One of their descendants still resides at this commanding spot, and kindly allows visitors to go over the grounds on certain days. At last we arrived at Oban, which is like Inverary, a fine little village, at least in fine weather, with its white houses on the shore of the sea, in the middle of a fine bay—the island of Kenera immediately opposite, and the wild hills of Mull visible in the distance, and standing gloriously out in the landscape at the setting of the sun. Perhaps this is one of the finest coast situations in the world. But I will tell you more about it in my next letter, when I duly detail to you the events of my third day, in which I visited Staffa and Iona, and sailed round the Isle of Mull. I went to bed on Tuesday, fatigued with my day's journey, and dreaming of the marvellous islands I was to visit next day. There you must for the present leave me. Your affectionate brother,

ALFRED.

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—The magnificent collection of drawings of fossil fishes, which were purchased by Lord Francis Egerton, was presented to the society. The following communications were read:—
 1. 'On the fossil remains of star fishes of the order Ophiuride, found in Britain,' by Prof. Edward Forbes.—After enumerating the several Ophiuride recorded as British fossils, the author described four new species—viz. 1. *Ophiiderma tenuibrachiata*, and 2. *Ophiura Murravi*, discovered by Dr Murray in the lias near Scarborough; 3. *Amphiuma Pratti*, discovered by Mr Pratt in the Oxford clay; and 4. *Ophiura cretacea*, communicated by Mr Tennant from the chalk. The animals of this order appear to have commenced their existence in the earliest periods of organic life, and to have continued to the present day without any great modifications of form of family or generic value. None of the fossil species is identical with the existing.—
 2. 'On the geology of Malta and Gozo,' by Lieut. Spratt, R.N., Assistant Surveyor H.M.S. 'Beacon.' The formations composing these islands are tertiary, and appear, from the author's researches, to belong to one geological epoch. They are all of marine origin, and very regularly deposited in parallel strata, but little inclined from the horizontal. They may be grouped under four divisions:—1. Coral limestone; 2. Yellow sandstone and blue clay; 3. Yellow and white calcareous sandy freestone; and 4. Yellowish white semi-crystalline limestone. Each of these groups is characterized by peculiar fossils, some of which are common to more than one. By a careful examination of the organic remains in each, the author was enabled to detect several extensive faults in both islands. The direction of the faults is traversed to the

line of elevation, or the direction of the islands, that is, N.E. and S.W., the chain of islands running N.W. and S.E.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The Marquis of Bath sent two queen pine apples, weighing 5 lb. 4 oz., and 5 lb. 9 oz., and measuring each 5 in. in diameter, and 9½ in. in length; the number of pips was 10. These were exceedingly handsome fruit, and were not produced by mere accident, as those exhibited by his gardener from time to time prove; but were the result of steady successful cultivation and good management. There is little doubt that in a few years the manner of cultivating the pine will be greatly altered, and that larger and better fruit will be produced than we have hitherto seen. A Banksian medal was awarded.—G. W. Ward, Esq., exhibited two bunches of grapes, weighing 1 lb. 4 oz. and 1 lb. 3 oz.; these were said to have been brought from Paris in 1840, under the French name of *Raisin Monstre*: they much resembled the *Gros Ribier du Maroc*.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—M. Arago, in a late sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, alluded to the recent discoveries of Dr Belfield Lefevre in photography. The processes now made use of are empirical, and the results obtained are not to be explained in the present state of chemical science. Sir John Herschel had, indeed, pointed out the fact that ioduret of silver was, by the action of light, reduced or transformed into a sub-ioduret; but whether such reduction took place in the camera obscura, by what chemical mechanism that reduction was effected, in what manner the accelerating substance, bromine and chlorine, intervened to precipitate the action of light, are problems which Dr Lefevre is supposed to have solved; and, in so doing, to have shown that the process, as at present instituted, is founded on a wrong principle, so that success must necessarily be the exception, and failure the rule. According to Dr Lefevre, no less than six distinct elementary substances, *viz.*, silver, iodine, chlorine, carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen, compose the sensitive coating which is to be submitted to the action of the light; and that these substances, by their mutual reactions, successively form seven distinct compounds; whilst the entire thickness of the coating does not equal one ten-thousandth part of that of a sheet of silver paper, and its weight, though extended over an area of 48 square inches, is not equal to the tenth part of a grain.—M. Hardy, the Director of the Central Nursery of Algeria, sent to Paris the produce of his crop of opium. It amounted to rather more than an ounce and half, from 990 poppy heads, and had been carefully extracted by means of incisions on the capsules. This opium, says the reporter, presented all the character of the best samples from Smyrna. On being analyzed it was found to contain 5 per cent. of crystallized morphine, deprived of the narcotine by ether. Two samples from Smyrna being analyzed for the purpose of comparison, they were found to contain—one 3·925 per cent.; the other 4·1 per cent. of morphine. Some samples from India were, however, found to be much more rich than either of the samples operated upon as above stated; they yielded 10·7 of pure

white crystallized morphine. It would appear, however, by a communication from M. Liautaud, that as much as 12 per cent. of morphine has been obtained from the opium of Algeria.

A report was received from M. Lewy on the analysis of wax received from China. This wax, which is of vegetable origin, is of a beautiful white colour, crystallized, and resembles spermaceti in its external character. It melts at a heat of 82·5 of Centigrade; its boiling point is superior to that of mercury. The produce of the distillation is white, and differs in its nature from the substance when undistilled. It is very soluble in boiling alcohol and ether, and is completely dissolved by the oil of naphtha. When subjected to a boiling solution of potass the wax becomes a soluble soap, and it also freely mixes with barteries. When acted upon by nitric acid, it appears to yield the same products as those obtained with this acid from bees' wax. Amongst other products is a volatile acid possessing the principal characters of butyric acid.

SCIENTIFIC NOTICES.

GALVANIC LIGHT.—An interesting experiment with the galvanic light, proposed by M. Achereau as a substitute for that of gas, has been made at Paris. The light was enclosed in a glass globe of about twelve inches in diameter. When the gas lights of the Place de la Concorde, 100 in number, were put out, the effect of the galvanic light was exceedingly brilliant, eclipsing even that of the hydro-oxygen light. It was easy to read small print at the distance of 100 yards, and it was only necessary to look at the shadow of the objects in the way of the light to be convinced of its great illuminating power. The single light exhibited did not replace the whole of the gas lights which had been put out, but we may fairly estimate it as equal, at least, to twenty of the gas burners of the Place de la Concorde. It would, therefore, require five of these galvanic lights to light the whole of the place; but the rays of these five lights meeting each other would, in all probability, give a much more intense light. The substitution of the galvanic light for gas light would be a great improvement; and we imagine that the expense of renewing the supply of the galvanic battery, by which the electric fluid is conveyed to the burner, and then thrown upon the charcoal, which becomes thus brilliantly incandescent, would not be so great as that of the generation of gas.—[We copy this from Galighani's Paris paper, and at the same time remark that we have seen the experiments performed by our countryman, Professor Bachhofer, at the Polytechnic Institution some years ago, therefore the subject is not new, nor is the invention due to M. Achereau any further than its application to street lights, with regard to which we doubt much its efficacy, as the light cannot in the proposed manner be sustained for any considerable period.]

METHOD OF COATING BOBBIN NET OR LACE WITH COPPER.—Stretch a piece of net or lace by placing a copper wire around it; then black-lead the lace thoroughly with pure powdered plumbago, using a large camel-

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hair brush for the purpose; then place the lace between two copper plates, positively electrified, connecting at the same time the copper wire round the lace with the negative pole of a galvanic battery. The lace becomes rapidly coated with copper, which can be electro-gilded or silvered, and will give it a beautiful appearance; the lace, when so covered with a metallic coating, will be useful in the manufacture of little articles, such as jewel-cases, &c.

THE NEW ROYAL EXCHANGE.—The last stone of the tower was set on Tuesday week. The vane will be the same grasshopper (the crest of Sir Thomas Gresham) which adorned the old Exchange, and escaped the fire. It has been repaired and will be regilt before put up. The chimes will be restored, and the peal of bells increased from eight to fifteen. It will be finished and open for the use of the merchants by the middle of next year. The portico is completed, with the exception of the fixing of the sculpture in the pediment, which will consist of sixteen figures, in high relief. Bank buildings will be removed, the space arranged, and the statue of the Duke of Wellington, by Chantrey, erected.

Reviews.

Flowers and Fruits; or Poetry, Philosophy, and Science. By James Elmslie Duncan. Smith, Elder, and Co.

The praise of intrepidity is due to an author who, in these times, dares publish poetry on his own account. The encouragement given of late to such experiments has not been excessive. Mr Elmslie Duncan has a good deal of vivacity, and he has written in a variety of measures. He is not always so nice in his rhymes as he ought to be. "Taste," does not sound much like "nest;" nor "hell" like "will;" yet these and many similar instances of negligence occur. They deserve to be rebuked, as in some instances he has produced elegant verses, and seems to have an ample command of language to save him from the necessity of putting off his readers with such make-shifts.

As he can write gracefully we should advise him to think when he is choosing a subject whether he has anything to say about it. We shall best explain what we mean by copying the first twelve lines of his

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE MRS HONEY.

"Alas, and art thou from us torn?
Ah, has Death struck the fatal blow?
And is it ours to weep and mourn
For thee, thus soon? Ah, surely no!
But ah! these tears declare 'tis so,
Yes, thou hast pass'd the mystic bourn,—
Well may we sigh in tearful woe,—
From whence no traveller doth return.—
Life's summer had not long entwined
It's rose-wreath 'round her sunny brow—
But who—ah, who could have divined
That Death thus soon would lay thee low?"

Now here all that in effect is said, is "Can she be dead? Impossible! Who would have thought it?" Was it worth while writing so much to express so little? Such spinning out not all the pathos of his four "tragic als!" will render very acceptable to readers of taste. We think, had he done himself justice, he could have thought of something more worthy of being committed to paper, but suspect that, writing with facility, he too leniently allowed his rhymes to pass as worthy of publication, and dignified them with the title of a "Monody." Some of his Scotch songs are very lively, but in these, also, we detect some negligence, which tells us that the writer could do better things. Besides poetry, it will be seen he undertakes to give us philosophy and science. In his prose we find some very sensible and humane remarks, mingled with a touch of hair-brained enthusiasm, which, if we do not applaud, we care not to reprehend. He is an advocate for vegetable diet. For this he stands up manfully, and as the best interests of society, if he is right, are connected with the adoption of his views on the subject, it may be well to let him speak for himself. After rather an elaborate description of "The breathing, moving wonder—man," he tells us—

"The thousands who have adopted the vegetable and water diet find themselves the better in health for having so done; we are, therefore, warranted in supposing their longevity will be the greater for it. And the greater portion of those celebrated for their extraordinary age have all been, more or less, more than usually temperate and simple in their diet, have approached, more or less, more than usual, in fact, to the vegetarian diet. Thousands of cases in point might be brought forward, but let the following suffice:—Jenkins and Parr were both exceedingly temperate and simple in their diet, they were almost strict vegetarians and 'teetotalers.' And it is well known that it was the opinion of the medical men of the times, from a *post-mortem* examination of his body, that the latter would have lived much longer than he really did, had he not been absolutely killed by having his own wonted simple diet changed for that of the Court of King Charles II.

"We have now seen, I think, that vegetable diet is best, in, at least, as far as the foundation or the body is concerned. We will next consider it in connexion with man's animal nature. It is not well known that a rich diet, as it is termed (for it should rather be called a gross one), inflames the blood, as the expression is—unduly stimulating the passions, and at the same time clouding the intellect, and, moreover, seeming also to dull the moral feelings. Wines and spirits are proverbial for disposing to anger; and various sorts of animal food for stimulating Nature's most ungovernable tendency—a tendency sufficiently powerful of itself—a tendency which, given way to improperly and intemperately, is a source of the most

frightful woes. Children, displaying untimely activity of the instinct referred to, have been quite cured by a purer diet.

"With respect to the question in its higher, and perhaps more important point of view, namely, as it respects man's moral nature:—among the lower animals, the most gentle are those living on vegetables; and the most amiable and gentle of the human race are the vegetable-eating Hindoos. The slaughtering of the lower animals naturally tends to stimulate the animal passions, and to deaden the moral tendencies. The wholesale and universal slaughter of animals for amusement, and for the gratification of depraved appetite, and a thousand other similar things now tolerated—for instance, the cruel lashing of the noble horse to goad him to draw loads, perhaps beyond his strength—the non-checking of children, when destroying living creatures for mere amusement, or even their encouragement in it by their elders, by actual example—must not this all tend to make man selfish? to look upon himself and self-gratification as everything, and the feeling of other creatures as nothing—as created for the gratification of his own whims and caprices, and gross appetites? And he naturally comes to regard his fellow-man in much the same light; and is prepared by this bloody and cruel education for the ensanguined battle-field itself.

"It may be said that we cannot drink a draught of water without destroying myriads of living creatures, nor walk in a field without crushing creatures innumerable beneath our thoughtless footsteps; but to these and such like arguments I would answer thus:—can it possibly have as searing an effect on the feelings to destroy involuntarily that which we neither see nor think of, and what, moreover, we cannot by any possibility avoid destroying, as to cruelly slaughter creatures associated with all that is most beautiful in nature—creatures endeared to us by association—creatures which have been, perhaps, our pets and companions, and which we can avoid destroying? creatures whose cries of agony we can but too plainly hear, and whose convulsive writhings are but too visible, whose blood stains our fingers."

In the subsequent extracts some remarkable facts will be found.

"To consider man anatomically, he is decidedly a vegetable-eating animal. He is constructed like no flesh-eating animal, but like all vegetable-eating animals. He has not teeth and claws like the lion, the tiger, or the cat, but his teeth are short and smooth, like those of the horse, the cow, and the fruit-eating animals; and his hand is evidently intended to pluck the fruit, not to seize and rend his fellow-animals. What animal does man most resemble in every respect? The ape tribes: frugivorous animals. Doves and sheep by being fed on animal food (and they may be, as has been fully proved), will come to refuse their natural food: thus has it been with man. On the contrary, even cats may be brought up to live on vegetable food so that they will not touch any sort of flesh, and yet be quite vigorous and sleek. Such

cats will kill their natural prey, just as other cats, but will refuse them as food. Man is naturally a vegetable-eating animal; how, then, could he possibly be injured by abstinence from flesh? A man, by way of experiment, was made to live entirely on animal food; after having persevered ten days, symptoms of incipient putrefaction began to manifest themselves. Dr Lambe, of London, has lived for the last thirty years on a diet of vegetable food. He commenced when he was about fifty years of age, so he is now about eighty, rather more, I believe, and is still healthy and vigorous. The writer of the 'Oriental Annual' mentions that the Hindoos, among whom he travelled, were so free from any tendency to inflammation, that he has seen cases of compound fracture of the skull among them, yet the patient to be at his work, as if nothing ailed him, at the end of three days. How different is it with our flesh-eating, porter-swilling London brewers: a scratch is almost death to them."

Adventures of Telemachus. Translated by Dr Hawkesworth. Willoughby and Co. Though a cheap, this is a very superior edition. It opens with a life of Fénelon. It is handsomely printed, and it is illustrated with more than a hundred woodcuts, many of which are very beautiful. Of this we give one as a specimen, though it ought to be added machine printing can hardly do justice to the elaborate style of the engraving.

Telemachus is one of a series of cheap publications. They are thus enumerated by a London contemporary:—

"'Robinson Crusoe,' with three hundred woodcuts, beautifully executed by an eminent artist, is issued at ten shillings; 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' with two hundred engravings, six shillings; 'Asmodeus,' with two hundred cuts by Tony Johannot, six shillings; 'The Life of Napoleon,' with five hundred engravings by Horace Vernet, and twenty original portraits by Jacque, seventeen shillings; 'Gil Blas,' with five hundred engravings by Gigoux, twelve shillings and sixpence; 'Telemachus,' translated by Dr Hawkesworth, and illustrated with about a hundred and eighty first-rate woodcuts, eight shillings; and 'Mythology of the Ancients,' embellished with two hundred and odd engravings, six shillings. All these works are printed in the demy octavo form, upon beautiful paper, and are bound in cloth, figured and lettered, and with gilt edges. We have been thus particular in giving an account of these works in detail, because we conceive that they constitute invaluable presents for parents to bestow upon their children. The 'Heathen Mythology' is an admirable work, being weeded of all indecencies, and rendered suitable to the germinating intelligence of the youth of both sexes. Mr G. Moir Bussey observes with much elegance and feeling:—'The



TELEMACHUS AND NARBAL.

Mythology of the ancients is one long romance in itself, full of poetry and passion, a mysterious compound of supernatural wonders and of human thoughts and feelings. It entrances us by its marvels in childhood; and in manhood we ponder over it, if not with the same rapturous delight as formerly, yet at least with such a sense of pleasure as that inspired by the

perusal of a magnificent poem—the product of immortal mind, refreshing, invigorating, exalting. Beauty and strength—the might of man, and the majesty and sublimity of the misunderstood intelligences of the godhead, not only constituted the worship of the Greeks of old, but governed their lives, their actions, their laws, and the very aspirations of their

hearts. They arrived at excellence in the highest, in order that their statues might be installed in their national temples as those of demi-gods, and the struggle brought them sufficient knowledge and energy to win deathless renown among men. All that they achieved, all that they meditated, bespeak the soaring of a race bent upon conquering every obstacle—natural or artificial—which stood between them and absolute perfection, whether in legislation, in philosophy, in art, in science, in poetry, in war, or in dominion.' Such is the charming description of heathen 'Mythology,' and we now recommend to universal notice the volume in which its incidents are condensed."

To this praise we cordially subscribe.

ON READING OF THE EXCELLENT PROVISION
MADE FOR MR BUCKINGHAM IN THE FO-
REIGN INSTITUTE.

THOUGH patriots never care for self,
They do not number one neglect,
And taking good care of himself,
Great "Buckingham grows circumspect."

The Gatherr.

Covent Garden Theatre.—The opening of the fourth or fifth season this autumn is not announced. Mr Wallack retained possession in opposition to the wishes of the proprietors. His continuing to hold on he thus explained:

Here good for evil you may see ;
A manager of *wous*,
I, if the house will not keep me,
Resolve to keep the house.

Peace has now been concluded, and the doors are to be again opened, it is said, for his benefit.

A Second Lord Mayor's Show.—The day after Lord Mayor's show, the citizens were astounded to see something like a repetition of the grand pageant of their monarch. Every one wondered. Strange signs and portents were spoken of, when the whole business was explained to be neither more nor less than a puff for one of the pictorial newspapers!

A Good Hint to Railway Directors.—We find the following in the Brussels papers: "The public are informed that from the 25th of October instant, the open carriages will be withdrawn from railways, and covered carriages substituted for them during the winter." English directors make their second and third class carriages as uncomfortable as possible, to compel passengers to go in the first.

Corn Tax in Holland.—There is a tax on grinding corn at the mill in Holland. It was extended by the Dutch government to Belgium, and proved one of the main causes publicly stated to have brought about the barricades of Brussels, the revolution of 1830, and the ultimate separation of the two countries.

Russian Policy.—Russia situated between four tottering yet extensive powers, Persia, Turkey, Japan, and China, she waits to absorb them at her leisure. It is there she will try to recruit her legions of disciplined slaves when the progress of civilization shall diminish the sources of her present supply.

Reading aloud.—A modern critic says—The habit of reading well aloud should be encouraged in schools, both to discover whether the meaning be fully understood by the reader, and to produce an accomplishment of more extensive utility to others than even music, that of presenting the views of an author by reading, so as to give them all their force.

Sepulchral Arrangement.—In the East the difference between the sexes is observed in the grave. In family vaults there is generally a partition wall to divide the remains of the women from those of the men; and in Medina it is not allowed to a male pilgrim to enter the sepulchre in which repose the female members of the prophet's family.

Good Manners in Egypt.—In most Egyptian houses the ground floor belongs to the male portion of the family; the women are carefully boxed up in the upper stories. Thither no stranger of the ruder sex may venture; or even if invited so to do, he is bound to announce his approach by an audible exclamation of *destur* (by your leave).

Anecdote of General Kosciusko.—Kosciusko wished to send some bottles of good wine to a clergyman at Solothurn, and gave the commission to a young man of the name of Zeltner, and desired him to take the horse he himself usually rode. On his return Zeltner said that he never would ride his horse again, unless he gave him his purse at the same time. Kosciusko asking what he meant, he answered, "when a poor man on the road takes off his hat and asks charity, the horse immediately stands still, and won't stir till something is given to the petitioner; and as I had no money, I was obliged to make belief to give something, in order to satisfy the horse."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Candour" is thanked for his hints. Several original tales of great interest are about to appear. With some slight alteration, "Ten years to come" is intended for early insertion. The "Glories of Spring" are pretty, but deficient in novelty. We hope shortly to gratify our correspondents who are so anxious for further notices of "Natural Magic."

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